

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable,
I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiens qui pauca loquitur*, a
foule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iagu. God giue you good morrow *M. Person.*

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should
be perst, Which is the one?

Cl. Marry *M. Schoolemaster*, hee that is likest to a
hogthead.

Nath. Of persting a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit
in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle
enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iagu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee
this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Cofard*, and sent mee
from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellidus, quando pecas omnia sub um-*
bravraminat, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I
may speake of thee as the trauciler doth of *Venice*, *ven-*
chie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche. Old *Man-*
tuam, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *ut re-*
fol la misa: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or
rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a stasse, a stanze, a verse, *Lege do-*
mine.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Oliues
bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures lye, that Art would compre-
hend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soule, that fees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull
thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the
accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the
elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeie *careet*: *O-*
uidius Naso was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but
for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the
ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the
Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe
his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to
you?

Iagu. I sir from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the
strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for
the nomination of the partie written to the person writ-
ten vnto.

Your Ladyships in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the *Volaries*
with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a se-
quent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or
by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the
King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I
forgiue thy durtie, adue.

Maid. Good *Cofard* go with me:

Sir God saue your life.

Cof. Haue with thee my girle.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very
religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare coloura-
ble colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please
you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pu-
pill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to
gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge
haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill,
vndertake your *bien voulu*, where I will proue those
Verses to be very vnclearned, neither fauouring of
Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your So-
cietie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text)
is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it,
sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca*
verba.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our
recreation.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courting my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pyrch,
pitch that defies; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee
downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say
I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this
Loue is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills mee, it kills mee, I a
sheepe: Well proued againe a my side, I will not loue;
if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by
this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for
her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye,
and lye in my throat. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath
taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is
part of my Rime, and here my mallicholie. Well, she
hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the
Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet *Clowne*, sweet-
ter Foole, sweetest Lady, By the world, I would not care
a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a
paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside.

The King entreth.

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast
thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap in faith
secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sonne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flows.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how faire dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell,
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaule.

The King steps aside.

What *Longaule*, and reading: listen eare.

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Long. Am I the first y haue been periu'd so? (know,

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,

The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

Long. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.

O sweet *Maria*, Emprise of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hofe,

Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall goe. *He reade the Sonnet.*

Did not the heauenly Rhetorick of thine eye,

Gaine whom the world cannot hold argument,

Perseuade my heart to this false periurie?

Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,

Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was eavily, thou a heauenly Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.

A greene Goose, a Coddess, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,

Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,

And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-ey.

More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,

Dumaine transfor'm'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most diuine Kate.

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe,

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted.

Dum. As vp right as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she

Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.

Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawe.

Dum. Once more Ile

Ber. Once more Ile ma

Dumaine reade.

On a day, alack the

Loue, whose Month

Spied a blossome pass

Playing in the wanton

Through the Velvet,

All vntoene, can pass

That the Louer sick

Wish himselfe the hear

Ayre (quoth he) thy

Ayre, would I might

But alacke my hand

Nere to plucke thee fr

Vow alacke for you

Tough so apt to plucke

Do not call it sinne

That I am forsworne

Thou for whom Ioue

Iuno but an *Ethio*

And denie himselfe for

Turning mortall for

This will I send, and someti

That shall expresse my true

O would the King, *Berowne*

Were Louers too, ill to ex

Would from my forehead w

For none offend, where all

Long. *Dumaine*, thy Loue

That in Loues griefe desir'st

You may looke pale, but I

To be ore-heard, and taken

Kin. Come sir, you blusht

You chide at him, offending

You doe not loue *Maria*? *E*

Did neuer Sonnet for her fal

Nor neuer lay his wretched

His louing bosome, to keep

I haue bene closely shrow

And markt you both, and fe

I heard your guilty Rimes, c

Saw sighes reeke from you,

Aye me, sayes one! O Loue, t

On her haire were Gold, C

You would for Paradise bre

And loue for your Loue wou

What will *Berowne* say whe

Faith infringed, which such

How will he scorne? how wi

How will he triumph, leape,

For all the wealth that euer

I would not haue him know

Bero. Now step I forth to

Ah good my Liedge, I pray

Good heart, What grace ha

These wormes for louing, th

Your eyes doe make no cou

There is no certaine Prince

You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a

Tush, none but Minstrels lik

But are you not asham'd? n